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THE BUD
EARLY PLUCKED
MEMOIR
OF
E.C. BRUNWELL

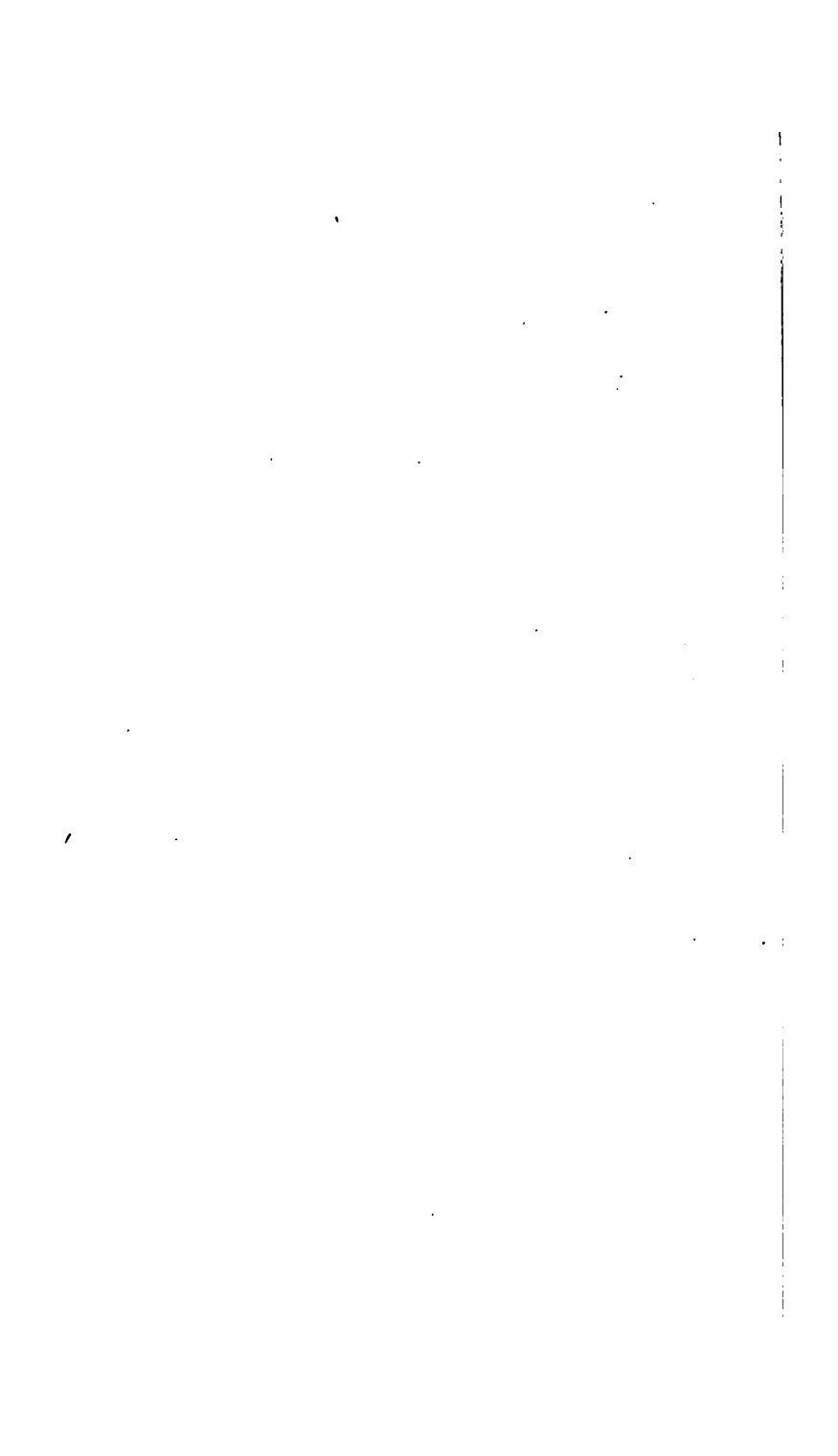


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The Bud Early Plucked;
OR,
A MEMOIR
OF
EDWARD COULSON BRUMWELL,
A WOODHOUSE GROVE SCHOLAR.

BY HIS FATHER,
THE REV. THOMAS BRUMWELL,
 Wesleyan Minister.

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

LONDON:
SOLD BY JOHN MASON, PATERNOSTER ROW.
LEEDS: H. W. WALKER, BRIGGATE.
1863.



MEMOIR.

It affords a mournful gratification to bereaved friends to record, in such writings as the following memorial, some particulars of the earliest years of their departed ones, and to give an account of their devoted life and peaceful death; but in this their chief design should be to present such features of character, and such circumstances tending to its development, as are important and instructive, and, in themselves most likely to induce those young persons who may read to imitate the examples presented, and to take encouragement from their early religious experience. It is undoubtedly right that the name of a youth of deserving merit and extraordinary promise should be preserved, that others may bless God for the saving grace which was manifested in his short history and character, and be induced to imitate his noble example.

No subject excites a more pensive or hallowed feeling than the remembrance of the

pious dead. The recollection of deceased friends connects with it a multitude of interesting and affecting reflections. Persons, places, conversations, events, are constantly revived in the mind, and for the moment we seem to live life over again; but soon the painful conviction follows that all have vanished,—that all is unreal,—for the individuals called up in this way upon the stage of memory, have terminated their probation, and entered into the rest and joys of heaven. We shall meet them no more on earth, to be instructed by their intelligence, stimulated by the fervour of their piety, or encouraged by the unreserved devotion of their lives to God. Their works of faith and labours of love are over. They appear no more in the family circle, the sanctuary of their choice, or at the Lord's table, where Christians meet to commemorate their Master's dying love. We shall not see them again until mortality is swallowed up of life, and the dead, small and great, shall stand before God.

“ They die in Jesus, and are blest :

How calm their slumbers are !

From sufferings and from woes released,

And freed from every snare.

Among the pious dead who have been sum-

moned to the peaceful and happy abodes of paradise must now be numbered the name of Edward Coulson Brumwell, who exchanged this mortal scene for everlasting life, in the fifteenth year of his age, at Penrith, on Thursday, December 5th, 1861. The bloom was beautiful and lovely, and the bud promising, but the fruit was not permitted to mature on earth. It pleased God to gather it early, for the better garden and the richer climate of the heavenly world. The life of very few youths, with whom the writer of this memoir has been brought into connection, have supplied more interesting materials for the instruction of others, had but suitable care been employed to preserve them. This deficiency cannot now be wholly supplied. But a parent's intimate knowledge of him will secure veracity, and such selections have been made as will at least indicate an honest purpose to present a perfect resemblance, and to magnify the grace of God so signally exhibited in his short life and history.

Edward was the son of the Rev. Thomas Brumwell, Wesleyan Methodist minister, and was born August 12th, 1847, at Burton-upon-Trent. From the situation in which his parents were placed, it may be supposed that in his

earliest years he enjoyed peculiar advantages for becoming early acquainted with the principles of saving religion, and the need of giving his heart to God. Such circumstances, and their influences, are not always successful in leading young persons to Christ and the enjoyment of religion; but in this case the ground of the heart was graciously prepared of the Lord for the good seed of the kingdom, and there soon appeared encouraging indications of rich fruitfulness to his honour and glory. His parents were fully assured that in every instance human nature is depraved, and needs the correcting, renewing, and sanctifying influences of divine grace; it was, therefore, their early and constant care to instil into his mind the hallowing principles of religion, and deeply to imbue it with those salutary truths of Christianity, the cordial belief of which is the only permanent source of every real excellence. These untiring labours were amply rewarded by the unfolding blossoms and mellow fruits of early religion, which soon appeared; and it was pleasing to his friends to find how soon these germs of truth and righteousness, thus carefully lodged in his mind, began to spring up within him, and to appear in the formation of his early habits and conversation. From his

infancy he was remarkable for an amiable and affectionate disposition, and for such sincere piety and entire devotion to God as seldom meets the eye, or is recorded in the biographical memorials of such tender years; and which, as far as his mental powers had yet expanded, promised the richest fruits of advantage to himself and of comfort to his relatives and friends. He soon won, by his obedience and diligence, the high esteem of all with whom he was associated. When quite a child, he frequently requested his parents, and especially his mother, who was more with him, to take him into her room for prayer and meditation on divine things. These were memorable seasons of hallowed profit to both, but to him especially they were times full of self-consecration to God and his Saviour.

“The gentle mother bowed her head, in heart-felt,
holy joy;
And full of grateful love, implored all blessings for
her boy.
And dear to him that mother was, who taught him
first to pray;
And leading his young heart to God, through Jesus
shewed the way.”

When not more than three years of age, and before he knew a letter in a book, he would often bring the Bible to his mamma, and

ask her to read; and he has frequently sat patiently for an hour together, waiting until she was able to read it to him. It is a blessed omen, when a child can so conquer a natural feeling of diffidence on the subject of experimental and personal religion, as in the strength of filial confidence and affection to disclose his spiritual and mental exercises to those from whose hearts he ought to expect the deepest and most sacred sympathy. He was now beginning to feel that religion belonged to the individual, and fully believed that in the momentous question of his salvation it was right to obtain all the help within his reach; and to whom could his young heart apply with so much confidence and propriety, as to those who were his natural guardians, and who watched over him with the most anxious solicitude day by day? At other times, as his years increased, he was frequently found—while in a room with other children at play—on his knees in a corner, praying or reading the sacred volume. He often retired alone for the same sacred purpose; when, for an hour together, he wept and prayed before God, uncovering the very secret recesses of his nature before the Invisible, and holding secret and close fellowship with his Heavenly Father;

waiting patiently for those more full and perfect disclosures of his grace and goodness, which only upright souls in the full confidence of faith are accustomed to receive. From this secret and hallowed employment he has often been seen to come forth singing, his eyes full of joyful tears, and his heart overflowing with gratitude to God, who had so marvelously fulfilled those promises in which he thus early delighted, by unmistakable manifestations of favour to his soul. "I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me." "Ye shall find me when ye seek me with all your heart." He began to meet in class at an early age. When at Diss, in Norfolk, and only four or five years of age, he used to go with his mother to this important and highly beneficial means of grace; and though at that time unable to express his feelings in words, yet it was fully evident that a work of grace had begun in his heart, and he was greatly distressed if a ticket was not given to him at the quarterly visitation. His attendance at class soon became marked and regular; and the interest awakened in him by the experience of aged Christians was remarkable in its effect upon his future history. The character and circumstances of one venerable man,

at Barton-upon-Humber, a little afterwards, made a deep and indelible impression upon his young and tender mind. This old man was nearly blind by infirmity and age; he had been converted to God, and joined the society, late in life; but the words of comfort in which he solaced himself and encouraged others, soon attracted Edward's attention. His eyes would sparkle, while the aged disciple repeated his favourite sentence, "It was late before I came to work in the vineyard, but, bless God, I shall get my penny." To the end of his life he greatly enjoyed the class-meetings. He often expressed himself in terms which greatly edified much older persons; and he never failed to testify his gratitude for the judicious and valued counsel he received on these occasions. In this town, at a prayer-meeting held after the public service on a Sunday evening, he knelt penitently at the throne of grace, and realized a personal sense of the pardoning love of God; he felt and confessed himself an unworthy, helpless, condemned sinner; but he depended alone on the merits of the Redeemer for pardon, acceptance, and eternal life, and was made a new creature through faith in Christ Jesus. The words in which he then uttered his childlike faith were often used by

him afterwards, to express the ruling sentiment of his renewed and sanctified nature,—

“Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee;
O, Lamb of God, I come!”

About this time an eminent minister of the Wesleyan Connexion, the Rev. Dr. Beaumont, at Hull, was called away to heaven very suddenly, while in the act of conducting the service in one of the chapels there. The tidings soon travelled to Barton, and an announcement of the event was made from the pulpit, in appropriate terms, by the officiating minister, the Rev. E. Stokes, at the close of the service. “Edward,” his mother said to him, when they had reached home, “Edward, my dear boy, if you had died so suddenly, where would you have gone?” to which he replied mildly, but firmly, “I, the chief of sinners am, but Jesus died for me.” One day, on hearing of a youth who had caused his friends a great amount of trouble, and who seemed determined to pursue a course of recklessness and folly, he said to one of his brothers: “If Satan were to tempt me to be so wicked, I should say, ‘Get thee behind me, Satan,’ as Jesus did when he was tempted in the wilderness of Judea.” He was

always pleased when any opportunity was afforded of recommending his Saviour to others, whether they were visitors at his house, or members of the family. About this period he would often collect his younger brothers and sisters around him for conversation on some interesting topic of revelation, and shewed his anxiety to instruct them about the amazing love the Saviour had manifested in dying for sinners, and the wonderful things which are laid up for the righteous. He usually finished his simple, unaffected lessons by asking them to kneel down, while he commended them, in his own peculiarly appropriate language, to the mercy and care of the great Jehovah. He was not of a robust constitution, or able to undergo excessive application, yet he was generally sufficiently well to attend to his studies and other duties.

After his home training, and the advantage of a year's attendance at a school in the neighbourhood of York, he was sent to Woodhouse Grove academy, at Apperley Bridge, near Leeds, one of two schools in which the sons of Methodist preachers are placed for any period not exceeding six years, and where they receive a sound education, under the care of a kind governor, who is a senior Wesleyan

minister, and a thoroughly competent and Christian gentleman, as head master. At this school, his painstaking, diligence, and retentive memory, were soon rewarded by such satisfactory attainments as gave evidence of the superiority of his mind, and of his strong determination to overcome every difficulty in the acquisition of such knowledge as would fit him for the struggles and toils of life,—knowledge which would prepare him, if, as he hoped, the Lord should call him to the arduous toils of a missionary to the heathen, to discharge, fitly and successfully, the duties of that important office. He was always neat and clean in his person, orderly in the arrangement of his dress, and punctual in his attention to school duties. His retiring habits, and naturally sensitive nature, led him often away from the ordinary amusements of boys at school; while others were enjoying all the hilarity of youthful sports in the play ground, he used to be seen at a distance with a favourite companion or two, who were like-minded, engaged in spiritual conversation; or more frequently alone, holding mental converse with his Heavenly Father. He used to say that his happiest moments when at school were spent on these delightful occasions; indeed, he always

evinced partiality for the company of such as excelled in virtue, and never willingly associated with any but religious persons, or with the children of such characters. Evil associations are a fruitful source of mischief to young people, but from this Edward was graciously preserved by a constant fear of doing wrong. To delight in the society and conversation of such as most resemble God is not natural to human nature, and must therefore be referred to the gracious operations of the Spirit of God, by whom alone the unholy propensities of human nature can be effectually counteracted. At this period he enjoyed uninterrupted intercourse with God, and walked in the assured direction of his holy Spirit; giving undoubted evidence, by his devout temper and holy life, that sometimes even very young persons not only understand the way of salvation, and the omnipotent power of divine grace to renew and sanctify the human heart, but that they actually enjoy the witness of the divine Spirit to the fact of their own personal adoption into the family of God. He had a high regard for the sacred character of truth; indeed, he was never known to utter a falsehood, or to prevaricate in any degree. Obedience to God, and the wishes of his parents, was the con-

stant rule of his life and practice. In very early life Edward had made up his mind to be a missionary to the natives of India, and all his reading and studies were pursued with special reference to that object. From this expression of his firmly fixed intention, which he regarded as his voluntary self-dedication to the most important and responsible position a human being can occupy, he never faltered or wavered, until the weakness and infirmities of his wasting affliction obliged him to admit that God evidently intended him for an early grave. He had an inveterate and unconquerable dislike to all novels, and always conscientiously refused to read any tale, unless he could be assured beforehand that it was strictly and entirely true. The writer of this memoir will rejoice, if Edward's testimony against such books, uttered under the consciousness of the grave close at hand, should deter any young Christian reader from indulging in a practice so fatally injurious to all spirituality of mind, so utterly incongruous with his solemn dedication to God, and so dishonouring to the name and religion of Jesus. Edward always felt the importance of storing his mind with scriptural truth, so that his first impressions on

every moral and religious subject might be of the right order, for—

“ If good we plant not, vice will fill the mind,
And weeds take up the place for flowers designed ;
Those very passions that our peace invade,
If rightly governed, blessings may be made.”

From his entrance upon the duties of Woodhouse Grove school, he regularly met in Mr. Farrar's society class, to the summer vacation of 1861. Near the close of that session, it was found that, on account of serious indisposition, he was unable to complete his examination, and to gain any of those rewards of industry and merit for which he had been competing with other boys for several months past. He was sent home a few days before the vacation commenced. The year before he had obtained two prizes for good conduct and proficiency; this year, not being able to undergo the fatigue incident to continuous examination, he had not the opportunity of being included in the lists of successful candidates for honours. The governor and head master of the school were uniformly kind to him, and he always spoke of them in terms of the deepest affection. Very praiseworthy efforts are made in the school, by enforcing indefatigable application to study, to render the boys fit for the

active, stern duties of life, and every pains are taken to secure for them a respectable status in the public annual competitive examinations, which are held in Leeds and elsewhere, by authorized persons. This is not done at the expense of carelessness respecting moral duties, or with any indifference as to the health of the boys; but it sometimes happens that a boy who is of weakly constitution, or with any pre-disposing causes to indisposition, feels the pressure to such a degree as to fail from sheer exhaustion, and is injured by being obliged to carry a load of which he did not complain, and the effects of which are not discovered until it is too late to apply any effectual remedy. Thus the hard work of the school altogether prostrated him, and he returned home with a constitution completely shattered. On arriving at North Shields, where his parents then resided, the best medical testimony gave evidence, without hesitation, that incipient consumption had already commenced, and little hopes were given of his ultimate recovery. It was impossible to set aside the startling fact, that like many morning flowers which give forth their sweetest perfumes at early dawn, he must soon droop and die; for the disease of which he was the subject, not only baffled all human

attempts to stop its progress, but was evidently making rapid inroads upon his constitution. Great care, however, and the kindness of friends there, who gave him an occasional drive into the country when the weather permitted, caused him to rally a little. He never expressed any preference for life or health; but always, in reply to the kind inquiries of those who were about him, said, emphatically and decisively, "I should like God's will to be done." It was an affecting sight to see him when he was too weak to walk, get into a Bath chair, kindly lent to him by an invalid lady, to be drawn up the streets into the suburbs of the town to enjoy the balmy air, and survey the pleasant landscape. Many a tear was dropped as old friends, or passers by, said,—*"That boy is not long for earth."* It seemed so certain to all who knew him, that he was God's child, and that though still on a sea of distress, and toiling hard to reach the haven in safety, yet the port was evidently near, already seen, where he would have secure anchorage, and where no wave of trouble would roll over him for ever. Many of his friends, whose names it might seem invidious to mention, rendered him assiduous and generous aid in alleviating his circumstances and

in lightening the burden of the afflictions which so heavily pressed upon him. He often spoke of them in terms of affectionate gratitude, and often feelingly said, "I hope God will reward them, for I have no power to do it." A sea voyage was proposed, but he was now too weak for that to be attempted. The year before this, at the vacation of 1860, he had been favoured with a coast voyage to London, by a Methodist captain, in the brig "Ruby," of North Shields; and he had derived considerable benefit from change of scene and circumstances. Several of the men who formed the crew of the vessel in which he sailed, afterwards expressed a sincere and warm affection for him; and whenever any of them happened afterwards to see him, they always spoke of their grateful recollection of his pious efforts to promote their spiritual welfare. To his devout spirit it was no small joy that, during his visit to the Metropolis, the Wesleyan Conference was holding its annual sittings in City Road Chapel. He had looked forward with tender interest to this meeting, and had long hoped to be greatly profited by attending some of the public services. In this cherished wish he was not disappointed; he was present at the

public prayer meeting held at noon on the first day of the session, and on several other occasions, to his unspeakable delight: from these services he derived much benefit. The sight of Mr. Wesley's grave, situated in a vault behind the chapel, greatly affected him, and produced an impression for good on his tender mind. One of the preachers in the chapel yard, with whom he had been previously acquainted, spoke personally to him of his salvation, and of his intention—if the Lord willed, and his life were spared—of being a devoted missionary to India. This conversation he ever afterwards remembered with great gratitude, indeed, he frequently referred to the fixed impression that these few kind words had made upon his mind; and, on writing to his mamma on ship-board, as he was starting for home, after naming this circumstance, he said, "These words have taken deep root in my soul." How important the duty which, as Christians, we are required to discharge,—to "sow by the side of all waters." "And a word fitly spoken how good it is." His affectionate solicitude for his parents' happiness and welfare was remarkable. It was often characterized by a feeling of tenderness and delicacy which could not be surpassed in one

so young in years ; he always cheerfully, and without hesitation, complied with every request which they made to him, and was even eager to anticipate their wishes, and to shew the strength of his affection by those little offices of attention which children of right dispositions can always find opportunities of rendering. If he needed any gratuity at school, or wished to have any particular book or article of clothing, his request for it to be forwarded to him was always coupled with the considerate sentiment, "If you can afford it, my dear parents." This is only one instance selected from very many of a like import, but it supplies ample proof of the tenderness of his disposition, and cannot fail to touch every feeling heart. Above all books Edward loved the Bible, and it became his constant friend and companion, until its histories and doctrines, and especially its biographies, were so rooted in his memory as to become the very stamina and texture of his regenerated nature. In every season of perplexity or new circumstance of anxiety, he would turn to this loved and never-neglected book with an eagerness scarcely to be described, there to derive fresh pleasure and profit ; and, as the result, his mind was often filled to overflowing with inexpress-

sible joy and peace through believing. He did not neglect other writings; for, with general literature, and especially the accounts of the more remarkable men and events in English history he had, considering his age and circumstances, an acquaintance which was remarkably extensive. But the theme of God's love to man, as developed in the scheme of human salvation, and the importance of making that known everywhere, were his daily subjects of interest and solicitude. The 53rd chapter of Isaiah was indelibly fixed upon his memory, and was always a great source of comfort to him, for he felt he had cast his soul on the atonement of Jesus, and was expecting life through his name. The books he had merited at school, or received as presents from friends, were neatly covered with clean paper, marked with the title on the back, and carefully placed by his own hands in his father's study. These, like so many chaplets, that advancement in knowledge or the kindness of those who knew his worth had conferred upon him, are now regarded as precious relics to remind survivors of his devoted and noble character, and of their own duty to themselves and God.

Letter-writing in the hands of young people

is highly important, and should be regarded as a blessed privilege and a bounden duty. It indicates the power of their observation, and is a certain and becoming means, to improve their mental habits and increase their usefulness. When young persons at school, or absent from home, never think of communicating their thoughts to their dearest friends by letter, or when they do it very seldom or in a careless manner, not only is it a sad omen of a hard heart and a negligent spirit, but one estimable means of personal instruction is neglected. Harm and loss must follow. Edward was not indifferent in the observance of this duty, as the following few extracts from his correspondence will testify.

1860, *July 27th*. "Mr. C. spoke to me very kindly in City Road Chapel yard, and these words have taken deep root in my soul, and I am able to say that I am the Lord's and he is mine. Oh ! how my heart yearns for the conversion of my brothers, that we may be the means of bringing comfort to my dear parents. I shall be praying for my dear brothers and sisters at the time I think you will receive this letter."

Sept. 26th. "I am always thinking about you, dear papa, that God would sustain you,

and keep you from all dangers, and that your preaching may lead to the conversion of sinners and the edification of believers. I wish more strongly than ever that I should become a missionary ; I feel as if I could go now to India, and tell the heathen there about Jesus. Oh, pray for me."

Dec. 12th. "I always try to be good. Be assured you have a son that will try to do you good all the days of his life. Dearest parents, can I do more for you? is there any single thing, and I will willingly give it up?"

1861, February 8th. "I am trying to do my best, so as to please you. I often think over at night what I have done during the day, and I try to avoid what I find wrong afterwards. I think when I am about to do anything wrong, it might be the turning point in my history,—whether I do what is right for heaven, or wrong for hell. Comfort yourselves, dearest parents, in the thought of not always having to endure trials and temptations; if we are only faithful we shall soon be happy for ever. Then let us try to endure our trials as well as we can ; for if we should live until we are eighty years of age, what is that to being for ever happy? The more our trials, the brighter will be our crown. Would that I

could open every feeling of my heart to you ! I have cast off all my friends, at least I do not go with them, so you must, my dear parents, allow me to have you for my friends. I think I am getting on a little better now in every respect. I intend to pray more for you ; may God be with you, to bless and protect you from all evil”

March 27th. “I received your very kind letter with much pleasure. We were very much pleased with the parcel ; it was very kind of you to send us such nice things ; we do not deserve to have them. I hope our reports will prove in every way satisfactory to you. I am trying to be good, I am sure ; I have got up six places this quarter. I am glad to say I get plenty of books, so that I am very comfortable, and I hope you are the same.”

April 23rd. “I am always delighted to receive your kind letters. I am still trying to please God, and I am sure my love for Christ and secret prayer has become greatly increased, and it is my greatest delight to walk about in some corner to pray and meditate ; and while I am doing well for the world to come, I am doing better than ever in my studies. I often think what a different vacation I mean to spend ; and I hope when I come home you

will see a very great improvement in my conduct. I do not forget to pray for my dearest mamma, that God would take away her affliction, and that we may be the greatest comfort to you. I have my trials, but God is on my side, and who can be against me! It is not sin to be tempted, but in yielding to the temptation."

For some time past it had been painfully evident to all his friends, from his general behaviour and conversation, that the necessity of being prepared for death was deeply impressed upon his mind. A few years before he had lost a dear young brother, called William Arthur, by a sudden stroke of death, after only a few hours' illness. This had led him frequently to meditate on heaven and the blessed state of the pious dead. His enquiries on these subjects were evidently not the casual dictates of curiosity, but the promptings of solemn feeling, and of a strong religious desire to comprehend the deep things of God. It was not then expected that he would himself so soon have been introduced into their never-ending realities. On one occasion, as he was reflecting on these subjects, which were to him always welcome and interesting, he said,—
"Heaven is a place where the most elevated

enjoyment is permitted, and the best society enjoyed ; where golden harps are used and the sweetest music sounds." He often wondered whether God would permit his little departed brother to be a guardian angel to him for life. "It would be wrong," he said, "to wish William to leave heaven and all its joys, but then, he would be happy wherever he went ; and could now never be any but a sweet spirit in the presence of God."

The Conference of 1861 was held at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and upwards of thirty ministers were accommodated at North Shields. On one Sabbath the ministers present partook of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper with the society. Edward had looked forward with great anxiety and buoyant expectations to that service ; but his health had become so uncertain, and he was so frequently prostrated by paroxysms of suffering, that he was unable to attend. On referring afterwards to the service of that day, he said, "I longed very much to be there, and I kept repeating over in my mind all the time when the service was going on, 'The body of our Lord Jesus Christ,' &c., and, 'The blood of our Lord Jesus,' &c.;" and then added with deep emotion, "Yes ! the

blood of our Lord Jesus Christ does cleanse me from all sin."

At the close of the Conference it became necessary that he should be quickly removed to the Penrith Circuit, to which place his father stood appointed on the Minutes. At the Shields Railway Station, a lady, from whom he had received unremitting kindness during his affliction, presented him with a book entitled, "Help Heavenward," which proved a great source of comfort to him. An arrangement with the railway companies enabled him to travel in the same carriage the entire journey; he was greatly fatigued, but bore the journey even better than the most sanguine of his friends had anticipated. At Penrith, the bracing air and romantic scenery seemed to have a salutary effect on his general appetite and health, and for a time he seemed to be gaining strength. He was once able to attend the public worship of God in the chapel. The text that Sabbath morning was appropriate to his case: "For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." (2 Cor. iv. 17.) And the sermon had a blessed influence upon his mind; he seemed afterwards to think even more of heaven, and

of being there, than he had done before. For a few subsequent months he was able occasionally to take gentle riding exercise in the open air. During this period his mind was evidently resting upon Jesus. He said one day, "Papa, I should like to live very well to be a comfort to you and ma', but you know we cannot tell what is best for us." One day, thinking that his mamma was looking poorly, and fearing that it was occasioned by over exertion on his account, he said, "I wish I was better that I might help you;" soon, however, he seemed to reproach himself, and said, "But God has sent this affliction to me, and therefore it must be right." On another occasion, as he was sitting silently meditating on his circumstances, he repeated the 23rd Psalm, which was a great favourite with him, and said, "How dark and mysterious the ways of Providence are. Jacob said, 'All these things are against me,' but how little he knew that they were working together for his own good and that of his family. And so it will be in our case; we must always wait until the end comes to understand the reason of events." About this time, a person in a desponding state of anxiety respecting the salvation of her soul, called upon his parents for advice in her

distress and difficulty. He was present, and after hearing her statement of deep sorrow, bordering on despair, he quietly opened the Hymn Book used by the Wesleyans, and handing it to his mamma, said, in an under tone, "Will you please read to her the 8th hymn, beginning with

'What could your Redeemer do,
More than he hath done for you?'

He was remarkably fond of singing, and as long as his strength permitted, he sung such pieces and hymns as—"Rest for the Weary," "Here we suffer grief and pain," "There is a land of pure delight," "When I survey the wondrous Cross," "Rock of Ages," and many others. When his cough became troublesome, and increasing weakness enfeebled and prostrated him, he would often ask others to sing for him. And then, when the singing was over, he would repeat such passages of scripture as—"To me to live is Christ, to die is gain." "Having a desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better." "To be absent from the body, is to be present with the Lord." "We know not what we shall be—but we know that when he shall appear we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is," &c.

One evening, after walking about the room, apparently in great pain of body, and quoting several of his favourite passages of scripture, he took up a small bust of Mr. Wesley, which was standing on the table before him, and lying on his arms, said, with peculiar emphasis, "Ah! what trials Mr. Wesley had to encounter, but they are all over now! I wonder if I shall see him in heaven? No, I am afraid not; Mr. Wesley will be so near the throne, and I shall only just get within the gates." "As one star differeth from another star in glory, so also is the resurrection of the dead." One present then said, "O, Edward, you will be a bright star there." But he instantly replied, "No, no, I shall only be one of the little twinkling ones." On another occasion, as he was retiring to rest, and about to recline in bed, he said, with great calmness, but with evident deep emotion, "Jesus loves me; what a consolation! Heaven is my home!" and then he repeated—

"My God, I am thine : What a comfort divine,
What a blessing, to know that my Jesus is mine!"

When this was uttered, his sparkling eyes told how deeply those joyous sentiments were imprinted on his renewed nature; the inner man

was evidently becoming stronger and stronger—but the outward man began to exhibit affecting symptoms of weakness and decay. He tried to prepare his parents' mind for his death. His own mind seemed to anticipate the event with calm composure and holy joy. One day he said to his mamma, "We cannot both go together you know, and I can be better spared than you, and then I shall be often looking out for you when I get to heaven." At another time, as he was recovering from the feeling of extreme weakness, occasioned by one of those severe attacks of coughing to which he was now so frequently and distressingly subject, he repeated—

" When pain o'er my weak flesh prevails,
With lamb-like patience arm my breast !
When grief my wounded soul assails,
In lowly meekness may I rest ! "

And then he tried to sing, but it was only with faltering voice,—

" But O when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chain'd to earth no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies ! "

God occasionally treats his people with especial indulgence ; they are privileged to

enter the precincts of heaven before they depart from earth. The reasons for this favour, on the part of their heavenly Father, are often inscrutable. It may sometimes be the reward of Christian diligence, or the result of a fuller dependence upon Christ as the end of life is approaching. The fact, however, is undeniable, and Edward's experience was an illustration of it, for during his distressing and wasting affliction he never murmured. Satan, who had made so many daring thrusts at him in the early stages of his disease, was not now allowed to buffet him at all, and his mind was preserved in great calmness and holy confidence in his ever-present and almighty Saviour. He never uttered a word that could be construed into evidence of impatience, or of a repining spirit. His disposition, always quiet and peaceful, was now evidently maturing for a better world; indeed, he appeared to have entered within the heavenly veil, and looked and spoke as it may be presumed the spirits of the just might look and speak under similar circumstances; and his sense of the divine love seemed frequently to be of the most enlarged and encouraging description. Still, there was no spirit of boasting or self-congratulation, for

he continued to express his experience and joyful hope in the well-known couplet—

“ I’m a poor sinner, and nothing at all,
But Jesus Christ is my all in all.”

The symptoms of his disease were becoming more strongly developed, and his cough, which had long troubled himself and distressed his friends, was more frequent and severe; but he was still enabled to rely, with childlike simplicity and holy joy, on the wisdom and goodness of God. Faith was evidently increasing in power and intensity; for he would sweetly say, in the language of the poet,—

“ How can I sink with such a prop
That bears the world and all things up.”

He always expressed great thankfulness for any attention which was paid to him, and seemed very much afraid of giving unnecessary trouble to anyone. It appeared as if patience in him was about to have its perfect work, and he was becoming more and more fitted for heaven; for his conversation displayed a dignity of sentiment and a force of expression far beyond what was usual even to him before. About a week previous to his death, his mamma told him what the doctor

had said, about the state of his health, which precluded any expectation that his life would be long protracted, when he replied, "It will not matter how soon, ma'; I shall not be long before I am in heaven; I am so unspeakably happy that I love God with all my heart." And then, after a short interval, he continued, "I have a desire to depart and be with Christ; indeed, I feel that there is only one thing that distresses me, and it is this, I am afraid you will weep too much for me when I am gone!"

The time at length drew near when those graces of the Spirit, which he so blessedly exhibited, were to be transplanted from this world to flourish for ever in the paradise of God; for the disease under which he suffered was evidently gaining power over him, and he was gradually sinking under the influence of general prostration and weakness. But he looked into eternity, not only without dread, but with entire self-possession and Christian heroism: his way into the holy of holies was lighted up with the brightest rays of revelation. One day he said, in great bodily weakness and mortal suffering, "Ma', I shall soon be with Jesus;" and seeing the sorrowing tear start to her eye, and trickle down her face, he said, "And you will soon be there too, ma', for the

longest life is only of short duration." All who have suffered such bereavement will see that a severe trial pressed heavily upon his parents. They were now obliged to admit to themselves, what they had been slow to discover, but what other persons had seen for some time past, that those strong ties of affection by which their Edward was united to their hearts were about to be unloosed; and nature, in minds even less tender and sensitive than theirs, could not but be acutely sensible of the painful smart. The evening but one before he died he was quite in an ecstasy of joy, and appeared to have some visions of the heavenly world; the tones of his voice were unlike what they had been before, and, when almost overwhelmed with a sense of the presence and goodness of God, he raised his keen unearthly eyes, and clapping his hands, exclaimed, "Ma', ma,' heaven is my home. I feel I shall soon be there, to join the blood-washed throng." Each of the ministers of the circuit, and other friends, visited him, and read and prayed with him frequently, and the junior minister, the Rev. G. G. S. Thomas, who had been especially assiduous in his attention to him, was present, with several members of the family, at the time of his departure to heaven. As he sat in his chair,

in great prostration of strength, but with his usual cheerfulness of manner, he said, "Ma,' I should like you to change this pillow to the other side of the chair;" he then raised himself, and laid his hand in the opposite direction, and sweetly fell asleep in Jesus—without a groan or a struggle to mark the precise moment of his exit to the inheritance in the skies, where sin, and sorrow, and sighing, are for ever done away. His placid countenance bespoke his first feelings of triumph as he entered the portals of that city which God had prepared for him. It was an affecting incident, when all present stood mute for a moment in astonishment and awe; no pulse or respiration was discernible,—yet he looked as if in sound, gentle sleep. His affectionate mother at length broke the silence, by anxiously crying, "Edward, Edward, my dear Edward;" but his spirit had fled to a better world, and he had ceased to be charmed by a voice that had always been so welcome to his ears. "God's finger touched him, and he slept."

" Death broke at once the vital chain,
And forced the soul the nearest way."

The messenger came with a surprise so gentle, and with a foot so soft, that he knew

not that it was death, until he had passed through the gloomy portals; and then, towering upon the wing far more remote from the mortal struggle, he looked back upon the ruined tabernacle he had just dropped; while all around the scene of his departure was still, calm, solemn, and each one wondered if this were death. Who can conceive, much less describe, the rapture of such a change? It may not, perhaps, be unlawful to track the ransomed spirit's flight, as, dropping the vesture of the flesh, it put on the robe of immortality, and in the twinkling of an eye found itself in glory! Oh, the rapture! Oh, the glory of that moment! Imagination drops her boldest wing in her attempt to reach it. Severed from all the toils and dangers, the sins and sorrows, of this mortal life—in an instant, and for ever—it is with the Lord; the veil parted suddenly, and, without the intervention of a moment, he beheld the face of his enthroned and glorified Redeemer, and where he will now be—

“ Free from sin, and free from pain,
While eternal ages reign.”

Thus, on Thursday, December 5th, 1861, was the purified spirit of our dear son delivered

from the shackles of mortality, and introduced into the society and inheritance of the saints in light. Such was the closing scene of a life of little more than fourteen years,—short, indeed, in its duration, but in which the grand purposes of life were fully accomplished. He did not attain to the highest ambition of his life,—to preach Christ in a foreign tongue and to a heathen people,—God having prepared some better work even than that for him in heaven; he had, however, lived long enough to become wise unto salvation, and well enough to furnish, in the consistency and sweetness of his general deportment, and in his patience under suffering, an example of the value and efficiency of genuine religion: an example which will never be forgotten among his relatives and friends, and which, it is confidently hoped, will lead many young persons to imitate his example—so that, while he is dead, he may yet be speaking, for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. Many sorrowing parents, who have seen their beloved children cut down before manhood was attained, or the active graces fully developed, have felt that they lived in an inverted order; since those whom they expected to be their posterity are now in the stead of ancestors. But these events have

made them capable of sympathizing with others. Experience is the best teacher, and busy, meddling memory will inculcate its lessons. The Lord smote and took away, the desire, the joy, the beauty of their eyes, with a stroke. Some sudden and terrible event, or a long and painful process, has laid the loved treasure low; and they, stunned, paralyzed, and crushed, are unable yet to understand what good is to result from the stroke. They must stay and wait God's time for the explanation. He wants to draw closer the ties that bind them to himself. It is all for the best, and they will know the reason for such events another day. The Judge of all the earth must do right. You find them with broken hearts, weeping before God; nor is it wrong for them to sorrow; they are not alone,—multitudes in this world of losses and bereavements know, by sad experience, the depth and intensity of their feelings. With accents of the most poignant grief they are ready to exclaim—

“ Oh, pity me, all crushed beneath the blow,
Thus weeping o'er this sad, mysterious blight;
My garden's richest, fairest, plant laid low,
Gemmed with its dewy blossoms sparkling bright;
Just when its roseate blooms were set for fruit,
Stricken and shattered at the very root.

" There are none like it left, and earth appears
So stripped, so desolate, without its charms,
A barren waste, a mournful vale of tears,
That, were I not supported by thine arms,
My pitying Saviour ! this poor heart would break !
Oh ! shield, Oh ! comfort, for thy mercy's sake.

" My lovely gourd is withered in an hour,
I droop, I faint beneath the scorching sun ;
My Shepherd, lead me to some sheltering bower,
There where thy little flock lie down at noon.
Though of my dearest earthly joy bereft,
Thou art my portion still,—thou, thou, my God,
art left."

We can all read these truths, even through our blinding tears, in the history of the past. We were often ready to think those were dark, crushing, untoward dispensations, which either threatened to rob us, or did actually in a moment rob us of our loved and hopeful ones. Some of these events are already cleared up, and are reckoned among our choicest blessings, and others of them will be made clear and plain another day.. It is ours to be still and know, not only that the ruler of all events is God, but that he is our Covenant Friend, and that he will be our guide even unto death. It is, no doubt, hard to human nature, under any circumstances, to part with beloved children ; and mysterious, too, when they who, in early life, gave promise of more than ordinary use-

fulness in their day and generation, are so soon called to depart from scenes and circumstances in which their devoted services were so much needed, and where, according to all human probability, they would have been so usefully employed in helping forward God's purposes of mercy to the world.

“ To see in one short hour decayed, the hope of
future years,

To feel how vain a father's prayers, how vain a
mother's tears ;

To think the cold grave now must close o'er what
was once the chief

Of all the treasured joys of earth,—this is a parent's
grief.

“ Yet, while the first wild throb is past, of anguish
and despair,

To lift the eye to heaven, and think my child is
there !

This best can dry the gushing tear, this yields the
heart relief,

Until the Christian's glorious hope, o'ercomes a
parent's grief.”

Christianity and experience combine to say,—
“ Wait—all these things are capable of full
and satisfactory explanation.”

It is pleasant to the parents of Edward
Coulson Brumwell, to remember that every-
thing possible, under the circumstances, was
done to alleviate his sufferings and ease his

passage to the grave:—kind friends, skilled physicians, affectionate nurses, and Divine Grace, all contributed their appropriate aid, to make the journey as comfortable and easy as was practicable. But they mourn over disappointed hopes and expectations, warmly cherished, that he would have become the stay and guide of the family,—and that, after years of study and preparation on which he had already entered, he would have been employed in preaching the gospel in a distant land and in another hemisphere. They are, however, endeavouring to say in the spirit of Christian resignation, “The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord.” He is not lost, but gone before; and they trust, by the grace of God, to meet him again in a brighter and a happier world. In his early conversion and salvation, the prayers which cradled his infancy and girdled his youth are answered, and he, who was his parents’ hope and promise, has gone to be with Jesus in the heavenly paradise. They do not “sorrow even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. Wherefore we comfort one another with these words.”

“ Say, why should friendship grieve, for those
Who safe arrive on Canaan’s shore ?
Released from all their hurtful foes,
They are not lost, but gone before.
How many painful days on earth
Their fainting spirits numbered o’er !
Now they enjoy a heavenly birth ;
They are not lost, but gone before.

“ Dear is the spot where Christians sleep,
And sweet the strains which angels pour ;
O, why should we in anguish weep ?
They are not lost, but gone before.
Secure from every mortal care,
By sin and sorrow vex’d no more ;
Eternal happiness they share,
Who are not lost, but gone before.

“ To Zion’s peaceful courts above,
In faith triumphant may we soar,
Embracing in the arms of love,
The friends not lost, but gone before.
On Jordan’s banks, where’er we come,
And hear the swelling waters roar,
Jesus conveys us safely home,
To friends not lost, but gone before.”

Edward’s mortal remains now lie in peaceful slumber in Christ Church graveyard, at Penrith, waiting till the blast of the archangel’s trumpet shall summon him, in his raised and glorified body, into the immediate presence of his Lord, at the judgment of the last day.

“ His rest, how calm ! repose, how sweet !
No anguish now shall cross his breast ;
The grave presents a calm retreat,
Receives and cradles him to rest.
The clay alone now resteth there,
That which concealed the living gem ;
His soul burst forth, on high appears,
A brilliant for Christ’s diadem.”

It cannot be said that this young disciple died too soon. Heaven was the proper sphere for one so eminently fitted for its peaceful joys, and thus early the Lord called him away to realize them. He lived for God while he lived, and he lives now, not in our hearts and memories alone, but in the silent, unseen, yet real influence, which connects in mysterious links the past with the future,—associated with many that went before him, and with others that have gone since. There is comfort in the thought that these loved ones are not far from us. It is a short journey from earth to heaven, and the veil is thin that intercepts our intercourse.

“ He’s gone,
Lost for awhile, and numbered with the dead ;
But there’s a day when we shall meet our friends.
Meet, O, transport ! and together spend
Eternity itself, where pleasures cannot end.”

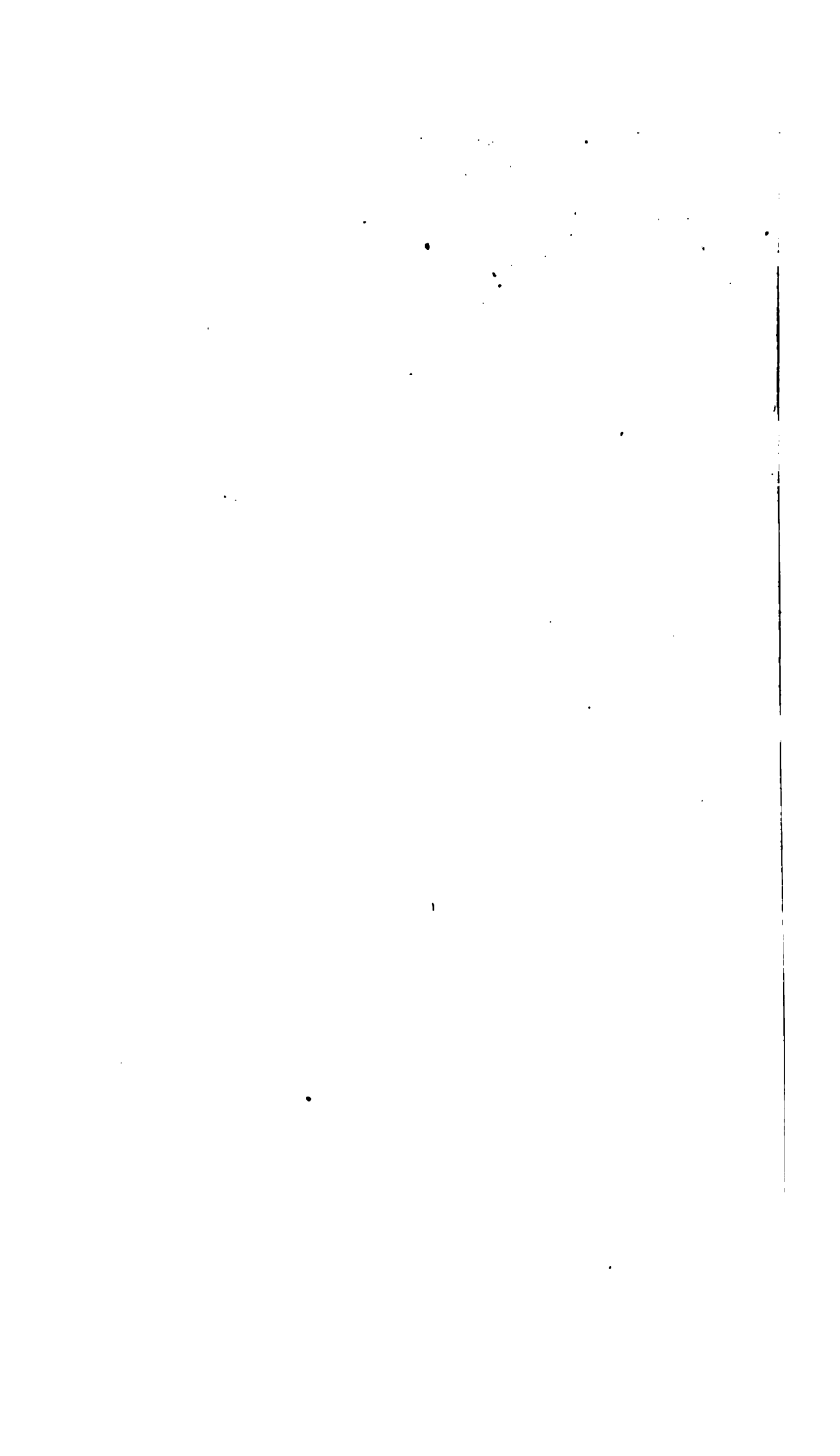
A review of the religious character and

Christian conduct of the subject of this memoir furnishes to parents the greatest encouragement to train up their offspring in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and supplies to obedient children abundant confirmation of the promise—"They that seek me early shall find me." The writer of this account has not dealt in fiction or exaggeration; he has not even written from hearsay, or respecting a comparative stranger,—but of one over whose dear remembrance his own heart bleeds and rejoices, and upon whose worth he loves to linger. To write of him now makes his father feel as if he had departed only yesterday, still he has a mournful pleasure in referring constantly to his holy life and happy death; and he hopes, by God's grace and agency, to meet him again in yon bright world above. "When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory." (Colossians iii. 4.)

The history of life, and especially its closing scene, brings to us lessons for the improvement and salvation of the living; and it is hoped that the facts which are now presented will produce in many minds such influences for good as will neither be resisted nor despised, and which, if rightly used, may, through the influ-

ence of the Divine Spirit, result in the present conversion and eternal salvation of many young persons who are thus made acquainted with them.

Reader,—if you have cherished hitherto a pleasing impression that you may hope to be saved, without the same depth of humiliation and pleading of the merits of Jesus, and the same diligent and persevering application to the things which belong to your peace, as are here presented; or if you think you are so raised by mental refinement, or by worldly station, above those around you, that the same simplicity and trust of faith required of others will not be demanded of you,—be entreated to ponder well the faithful record which these pages convey. It is not a singular or isolated instance of the power of God's grace which is here brought before you, but one of an unnumbered series, each of which may be understood as an echo of the voice of the living Redeemer, who said, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." (Matt. xviii. 3.) This example, following in the wake of many others, urges you to repent, believe, and live.



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